

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. I. NO. V.

WRANGELL, ALASKA THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1902.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

EVERYTHING!

During January I will invoice my entire stock, and in order to facilitate matters, I will begin Thursday, Dec. 18th, 1902, with a Big Sale, at the old stand of Reid & Sylvester. It will not be one line, only, but

Everything!

Groceries, Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Gents' Clothing, Dry Goods, Carpets, Linoleums, Etc.

CASH will be the Terms.

F. W. CARLYON, Merchant.

See how we've grown. Miss Bertha Lemieux, who has been attending Sisters' school at Seattle, arrived home on the Cottage City, Friday last.

Messrs. Arthur Bach, manager of Decker Bros. grocery store and J. B. Caro & Co., wholesale agents, of Juneau, were looking about town during the stay of the Cottage City Friday morning.

Our local whist players are waking up again. There was a pleasant little gathering at the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Patnaude, Wednesday evening of last week, and the hours glided by quickly at the game.

The Douglas Island News comes to us with a great big "X" in blue pencil on the margin. Why, to be sure, dear brother; we thought you were on our exchange list all the time, because we couldn't afford to miss Alaska's funny man in the newspaper kingdom. Beg pardon!

Tommy Dalghetty says the Tidings put in a rough time coming from Idal Cove across to Wrangell, a distance of twenty miles. The weather was boisterous and took him onto two days to make the trip.

Ed Weber is not only very modest, but he is an original genius. For instance, last week SENTINEL office wanted a large word in wood type, told Ed, and in a few moments he had it whittled out as nicely as it could have been done at the factory. Thanks, awfully!

Messrs. Olsen, Sungren and Nyman went over to Zerambo island last week and returned with eight deer. There were plenty of deer over there, but it was a poor time to hunt, as the breaking of the frozen branches gave the alarm and the wary animals, always on the alert, would get out of the way.

Capt. S. W. Miller, more familiarly known here as "Will Miller," surprised his many friends here by appearing among them Tuesday night without warning, but the greatest surprise was the fact that he brought with him a blushing bride from the far north.—Willapa Harbor Pilot, Dec. 5th.

Coming down from some of the places on the hill, is quite noticeable at such icy periods as we had last week, and Charley Borsch found it out to his sorrow. On Wednesday evening while coming from his home he slipped and fell from the walk down into the brush a distance of five or six feet, badly scratching his face and severely bruising his left side. He is about, all right, but looks as if one of those Taku winds that comes into Juneau had struck him.

Merry Christmas to All! A grand time at Collins Hall, Xmas Eve. There will be a Neck-Tie Party given to the boys of the Olympic Mining Co. and all others who had invitations to the big masquerade of Nov. 26th. Every lady should take a neck-tie to correspond with the apron worn on this occasion. Come and enjoy yourselves. Tickets—Gents, 50c.; Ladies, free.

Last year Mr. Bruno Grief procured the apparatus necessary for putting in an acetylene gas plant for lighting his house. The tank and pipes arrived last spring and were placed, but for some reason he was unable to procure the carbon necessary for running the gas. The Alki brought this on her last trip, and the probabilities are that by the first of 1903 Mr. Grief will have the finest lighted place of business in Wrangell, if not in Alaska.

It is reported that congress will pass a special act at the present session allowing Mr. Calbreath, the present hatchery man, the exclusive right to reap the benefits of the hatchery efforts within one mile of his creek. The passage of such a bill would reward the honest efforts of an honest man to supply future generations with fish and preserve the food of the masses. More men of unselfish methods like Mr. Calbreath would relieve much of the pain and discomforts of this life.—Juneau Daily Dispatch.

Raspberries in November are a novelty and a rarity in any country in the month of November. And yet here in "frozen-up Alaska," this land of "perpetual ice and snow," our neighbor, F. H. Gray, living in the western part of town, tells a reporter that during last month he picked from bushes about his house several messes of as fine berries as you will get in midsummer in any man's country. And on the bushes from which he picked the berries there were many blooms, just as if they were perpetual bearers.

Donald Sinclair!

We carry a Full Line of General Merchandise.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Notions, Tinware, Boots and Shoes, Tobaccos, Glassware, Stoves; Paints and Oils.

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First Shipment of Holiday Goods Just Arrived.

Give us a Call.

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ST. MICHAELS TRADING CO.

(Established 1898.)

Dealers In

Dry Goods, Clothing, Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ladies' Capes and Jackets, Furniture, Queensware, Groceries, Hardware, Graniteware, Fancy Crockery, Stoves, Oil; Paints; Mining Outfits.

We have also in connection with our business a

FIRST-CLASS TINSHOP,

Where all orders in regard to Tinwork, Camp work, Plumbing and Gun-smithing will be attended to on short notice.

Special Attention to MAIL ORDERS.

AGENTS FOR HERCULES POWDER.
WRANGELL, - ALASKA.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

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One Year—In Advance.....\$2 00
Six Months ".....1 25
Three Months ".....75

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Professional Cards per Month.....\$1 00
Display, per inch per month.....50
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DRS. KYVIG & SCHRUDER,
Physicians and Surgeons.
McKinnon Building, Wrangell.
Calls promptly responded, day and night
Office at the Sticken Pharmacy.

GEORGE CLARK,
Attorney-at-Law
and Notary Public.
Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

GEO. E. RODMAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Ketchikan, Alaska.
Will practice in all courts. All business
promptly attended to.

OLYMPIC
Restaurant and Bakery.
THE
Olympic Restaurant and
Wrangell Dairy Co.,
PROPRIETORS.
Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.
Special Rates to Boarders.

Fresh Bread and Pastry
Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.

ICE CREAM
Made-to Order on Short Notice.

U. S. MAIL BOAT

Tidings,

R. B. YOUNG, Master,
Sails on or about

The 10th of Each Month

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight,
for
Olympic Mining Co.'s Hattie Camp,
Shakan, Klawack,
Howkan, Copper Mt.,
Klin Quann, Hunter's Bay

For freight and passenger rates, apply
to
R. B. YOUNG.

GO TO
J. G. Grant,
WRANGELL,
For all of the

Latest Papers
— and —
Leading Periodicals.

Fresh Fruits
AND
Confectionery.

ALL ORDERS FOR
COAL

PROMPTLY FILLED.
Steamers a Specialty.

Fred S. Johnston
Custom Shoemaker.

All kinds of Leather and Rubber Goods
repaired substantially and at Reason-
able Rates.
Union Shop, Front Street, Wrangell.

LOCAL GRIST.

Ground Out Weekly for The
Sentinel Readers.

Mrs. J. F. Hamilton was indis-
posed a day or two last week.

Several parties enjoyed a "candy
pull" at the hotel last Friday even-
ing.

Mrs. Prescott expects Mr. Pres-
cott home to spend Christmas and
the holidays.

The case of J. F. Collins vs the
Alaska Steamship Co. has been
continued.

Mr. Robert Willis, manager of
the Treadwell store at Douglas
City, was in town last Friday.

Regular meeting of Chamber of
Commerce this evening. All mem-
bers should take an hour or two off
and be present.

Drive whist occupied the atten-
tion of several parties at the home
of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Carlyon,
last Saturday evening.

The drug line carried by Reid &
Sylvester, has this week been entire-
ly sold out by F. W. Carlyon, to
the Wrangell Drug Co.

Mr. Raber's hydraulic chair ar-
rived by the Cottage City, Friday,
and Saturday he opened out his
barber shop in the "Blue Front,"
on Front street.

The old Alki is not as swift as
some of the vessels that run these
waters, but when she gets here it
generally counts. On her up trip
Thursday evening she brought fifty
tons of freight for Wrangell. And
then agent Bob Reid kicked be-
cause she did not bring 100 tons.

And here comes the great I Am!
Not Vinegar Bitters or Pears' Soap;
nor still further, Mother Winslow's
Soothing Syrup; but the great and
only original representative of
Schilling's Best in Alaska—Harry
Malone. Well, we are not adver-
tising his goods, but personally
Malone always leaves a streak of
sunshine behind him when he
walks our streets, and that's the
reason we like to have him come.

Mr. C. E. Roberts, representing
Armour's goods, was with Mr. Ma-
lone, and appeared every inch a
clever gentleman. They were both
pleasant callers at SENTINEL office
Friday.

The Tidings got away Monday
afternoon.

It is strange what an effect the
weather has on the countenances of
people. Last Friday evening it
was cold for Wrangell, mercury
standing at about 15 deg. above,
and people were shivering and their
faces were longer than the moral
law. The next morning a warm
Chinook wind was blowing, a gen-
tle rain set in, and in a short while
all were smiling and happy—even
our rheumatics wearing a pleasant
expression. People in Southeast-
ern Alaska don't like cold weather
—strange as it may appear.

Mr. Kelly, superintendent of Al-
askan schools, was in town for a
day last week. Just what he was
doing here (further than visiting
the schools for a few moments) no-
body seems to know. We have a
good school board here at Wrang-
ell, and it would have seemed as
if he might at least have conferred
with them on school matters; but
when the reporter asked them what
Mr. Kelly had to say regarding
schools, the answer was "he didn't
say anything to us. Strange!

"Fire on the hill!" shouted some
one last Thursday evening at about
6:30 o'clock. At once the reporter
stepped out on the street and but
two men were in sight; but in less
than a minute the walk leading up
Church street was lined with a
moving mass of humanity anxious
to get at the fiery monster. But
fortunately the services of none
was needed as it proved to be a
pile of rubbish that had been thrown
out by Mrs. Cagle and her boys,
that was burning. After the ex-
citement had died down, an inven-
tory was taken of appliances for
fighting fire and it was found that
John Grant had six buckets and J.
F. Collins a small fire extinguisher.
Aside from these there were fire
shovels, tongs, table-spoons, ham-
mers, chairs—just any old thing
that happened to come along when
the alarm was given. Right there
was shown the necessity for a fire
company. Had there been such an
organization, with apparatus prop-
erly housed, every member would
have gone to headquarters and se-
cured something to have worked
with had necessity required it when
he reached the fire. This alarm
showed that our people are on the
alert, and if given a show will do
all they can in protecting property.

About Ourselves.

And now comes the ALASKA SEN-
TINEL, a six-column folio, published
at Wrangell, by A. V. R. Snyder,
who, in making the bow, says he
proposes to throw his whole energy
into the work. We understand
it is the little town's first newspa-
per, and if so, Al again becomes a
pioneer in newspaper work. Wrang-
ell has 500 population, and gives
promise of heartily supporting their
news medium, which they certainly
should do. Al will give them
more than \$2 of news every year.—
Yamhill County (Or.) Reporter.
[No, Brother. Two papers were
started here during the boom of '98
when 20,000 people were here; but
with the collapse of the boom, "like
the Arabs they"—etc.—Ed.]

We were somewhat surprised
Monday in looking over our mail
to find Vol. 1, No. 1 of the ALASKA
SENTINEL published at Wrangell,
Alaska, edited and published by our
friend and formerly a pioneer news-
paper man in Yamhill and Polk
Counties, A. V. R. Snyder. The
SENTINEL is a neat, newsy, six col-
umn paper. If there is anyone who
can make a good paper Al can do
it. Here's our best wishes to the
SENTINEL.—Sheridan (Or.) Sun.

A. V. R. Snyder, who about a
year and a half ago went to Alaska
as a deputy collector of customs,
has entered the newspaper busi-
ness. He resigned his official po-
sition and has established the ALAS-
KA SENTINEL at Wrangell. His
many friends here will join in
wishing him abundant success.—
Telephone-Register, McMinnville,
Oregon.

The
Wrangell Supply Co.

Sells for Cash, at Lowest Prices, a
General line of

Fresh Groceries and Provisions,

FLOUR, SUGAR,
Hams, Eastern Oysters, Fruits,
Candies, Canned Meats and Fish.

Outfits for Trappers and Loggers a
Specialty.

J. W. RABER,

Practical Barber.

Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

The Smoothest Shave
And Nearest Haircut

You are Invited to Call and see me
Shop in the Blue Front.

Steamer Capella

A. K. Rastad, Master.

Will leave Wrangell on or about

December 15th, 1902

—For—

Shakan, Klawack, Howkan

And way ports, West Coast of Prince
of Wales Island.

Olympic Mining Co.

C. A. RENOUF,
Commercial Agent.

H. D. CAMPBELL,

—Dealer In—

General Hardware,

Stoves; Granite Ironware,
Tinware, Galvanized
ware,

Carpenter Tools Etc.

Boat Hardware a Specialty.

Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

J. F. Connelly. J. M. Lane

Lane & Connelly,

Manufacturers of

Fine Cigars.

204 and 206 Market St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Job Printing.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

If there is only one unpardonable sin it must be insincerity.

In one way a bad habit is like a bill collector. It is hard to get away from.

The best way to punish the brigands will be to cut off their missionary supply.

He is a wise father who knows his own child was as much at fault as the other man's.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they haven't time to earn a decent living.

It is probably safe to say that no titled European will be able to marry Hetty Green for her money.

In order to be at her silver wedding anniversary a woman is willing to admit that she isn't as young as she used to be.

"Ping to me only with thine eyes, and I will pong with mine." That's the way they are playing the game over in Linnon.

An esteemed contemporary says that any attempt to run down Niagara Falls is less majestic in this country. More often it's the suicide.

An editor wants to know what would happen if Prince Henry and Admiral Evans should ever meet in battle. We give it up. What's the answer?

"Is the press degenerating?" asks the Literary Digest. We think not. The reputable press seems to be holding its own, and the yellows cannot degenerate.

All the pulp and platform eloquence in the world doesn't make as much for good government as a little wholesome activity before and at the primaries.

Under The Hague treaty prisoners of war may be employed by the state capturing them. History may contain the thrilling deed: "The old guard dies, but never works."

Mr Henry Irving has launched the keenest criticism against the Baconian theory and it can be put in a sentence. He says that it took an actor to write Shakespeare's plays and that no mere poet or philosopher could have done it.

The indications are that Uncle Sam's door will not "swing inward" on its hinges as readily in the future as it has in the past. In order to be admitted the immigrant will have to give the password, "Fitted for good citizenship."

President Eliot of Harvard in his address conferring the degree of doctor of laws on Prince Henry spoke of the "venerable American union" and the "young German empire," and thus wisely called attention to a fact hitherto unrecognized in Europe, that the American republic is not on trial, but has proven itself worthy to live by 125 years of glorious history in war and peace.

A mining expert recently described a lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat argillaceous composition." This means, literally, "a changed mass of a somewhat clayey-sandy composition." This in its turn may be translated into plain English as m-u-d. Why choke a puny fact with murderous polysyllables? Huxley and Darwin, Lyell and Faraday could so write as to be "understood of the people," and there is a suspicion abroad in these times that the big words so freely used by small men are a device to conceal ignorance and ineffect thought rather than a proof of superior knowledge.

Bishop Potter says that when he has been traveling in Europe or visiting public places he has never heard a loud or harsh voice raised above the tone of others around him without turning with a shudder of apprehension to find if the voice were that of a fellow countryman. Are Americans in so much haste that they do not take time to moderate their voices? That conclusion is more probable than that the air of freedom is not favorable to an agreeable utterance. A man is known by the voice he keeps. Identification is just as practicable when a woman speaks. In the cultivation of good manners the vocal chords must not be forgotten.

What's the use of crowding, anyway? There's no need of anyone being jostled off the map. There's plenty of room. When the crowd begins to push and shove and the struggle for standing room grows strenuous and the strife for dollars becomes too fierce just step over into Labrador. This is an age of expansion. If there isn't room enough for you to expand in our new insular possessions Labrador, with its vast expanse of unoccupied territory, holds out its icy arms to you and says, "Come." The census returns for 1901 show a total population for Labrador of 3,034, which indicates a falling off of 472 from the returns of the preceding census. As Labrador has an area of 200,000 square miles it will be seen that there is plenty of room for the ambitious young man to grow up and expand with the country. In fact, there is more room in Labrador than there was in 1891, for 472 persons have

moved out. It is difficult to account for this decline in population. Labrador has plenty of space and a bracing atmosphere. Its cold storage facilities are unsurpassed except in Greenland and in the office of Russell Sage. The people who are cramped and crowded and who clamor for more room should cast their eye toward Labrador.

Again comes the old question, "What is the good of money if it will not buy the things that one desires?" A wealthy lady of Chicago has more money than she can possibly use. She can draw a big check as easily as most persons can spend a nickel. But the thing she wanted was a child, a laughing, rosy-cheeked cherub, to put both arms around her neck and make her realize the real, deep meaning of love; to round out her life and make her happy. So she looked around and found a bit of a boy, who had captured sunshine tangled in his hair and love in his blue eyes, a brave mouth and a sturdy little figure. He was one of seven children, and he didn't know that his mother, a widow, was wearing out her life to provide food for the seven. The rich lady borrowed the boy for a time and carried him away to fairyland. She bought fine clothing for him, toys enough to stock a store, and loved him, too. She had a great artist paint the child's portrait, and she discovered that it was going to be very hard to return this human blossom. One day she called on his mother and offered \$5,000 for him. "I'll adopt him. I love him. You have so many, and I have none," she ventured. And the widow looked over her flock and said: "I can't spare one, not for a million dollars," and she drew her baby to her heart. The good wife of a New York garment trimmer presented him with triplets. It raised his family census to nine. At the very best the father can earn \$12 a week. That is a situation that would drive some men to suicide. But he said: "I'm glad they came. God has blessed me with them, and we will get along somehow. I haven't one too many." Child-love dwarfs every other human passion. It makes men and women carry heavy burdens without a murmur; it makes them accept self-denial patiently, and glorifies lives. There is scarcely a home in the land, no matter how great its poverty, where, for mere money, a man or woman would part with even one of a little flock, and the reason is human love for its own blood.

Hitherto, when the time has come around for taking the national census, the entire force engaged in the work, from the director down to the humblest clerk, has been assembled at short notice. Few of the many thousands employed have had previous training or experience in the peculiar duties of a census. When the work was done the force was disbanded, leaving only a few to enable the next corps of workers to profit by its knowledge and to avoid its errors. This method is so wasteful that repeated efforts have been made to establish a permanent census service, which should carry along some branches of statistical investigation in the intervals between censuses, and be capable of expansion for the full census work when the decennial year arrived. This suggestion was made before the eleventh census was taken, but without result. The proposition was renewed before the twelfth census was taken, and a bill embodying it passed the House, but failed in the Senate. The bill upon which both houses of Congress have now agreed, although it is open to criticism from the civil service reform point of view in its provisions for covering present employees into the classified service, is highly commendable in its main purpose. The bill confines the decennial work of the bureau to the subjects of population, agriculture, vital statistics and manufactures, and leaves the other subjects now covered by the census, and some new ones, to be dealt with more deliberately by the smaller permanent force. The new system will make it possible to broaden the census inquiries without increased expense or delay in the publication of results. A permanent census bureau can co-operate with States and local officers, and can open up new fields of study. The next enumeration will be more difficult than previous ones, because it will include the insular possessions of the United States. It will be a great gain to enter upon that work with an already organized bureau, directed and largely manned by experts, instead of committing it to an improvised force.

Biggest Railroad Station.
The city of St. Louis now possesses the distinction of having the largest railway station in the United States. It is 630 feet long and 600 feet wide, and has thirty tracks, enough to handle ten incoming and ten outgoing trains simultaneously. It is known as the Union Station, and the territory owned by the company operating it covers twenty-seven acres. The city of Boston has the next to the largest station for passenger service in the country. The Union Station in Boston, on the north side, has a length of 500 feet, a width of 400 feet and twenty-three tracks. Both of these huge stations are to be surpassed by the new Southern Union Station in Boston, upon which work was begun in January, 1897, and which is now nearing completion. It is designed to be the biggest railroad station in the United States. The walls are built, the steelwork is all in place, and the material is on the ground for the completion of the structure.—The Ledger Monthly.

The fare on the Congo railroad for 250 miles is \$100, or 40 cents a mile.

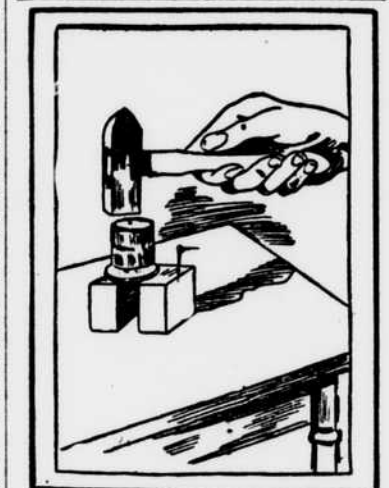


Boys And Girls
Bray's Enemy.
"Please, Mr. Joyne, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you."
"At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter."
"He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy, and hasn't got time."
"How big is he?"
"About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"
The small boy—he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat, and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."
"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog?"
And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.
"Nobody sent me," answered the boy, stoutly. "I've come by myself. Bray has run my sheep free days. He's got to be killed."
"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joyne.
"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me 15 cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?"
"No, sir, I told you."
"Ah! that is well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you 15 cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep. How would that do?"
As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it. "That'd be paying me for a lie," he said indignantly. "I wouldn't tell lies for all the money in the world."
When he said this, Mr. Joyne took off his own hat, and reached down and took the small dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that, if he doesn't raise your wages, I shall offer you twelve 15 cents, and take you into my service. Meantime Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right then. Good morning, countryman."—English Magazine.

Needle Bore Penny.
To pierce a penny with a needle seems difficult, especially when the sewing needle is a fine one. Cut the needle lengthwise through a cork, allowing the point to project a little. The other end of the needle, if it projects over the cork, is cut off with a pair of nippers. Place the penny and



the cork on a soft board, or, as shown in figure, on two pieces of wood, and hit the cork sharply with a hammer. The cork keeps the needle from sliding to either side, and as the steel of the needle is harder than the copper penny, the coin is easily perforated by the needle.

Meaning of Girls' Names.
Frances is "unstrained and free"; Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright"; Clara "clear" as the crystal sea; Lucy, "a star of radiant light"; Catherine is "pure" as the mountain air; Henrietta, a soft, sweet "star"; Felicia is a "happy fairy"; Matilda is a "lady true"; Margaret is a shining "pearl"; Rebecca, "with the faithful few"; Susan is a "lily white"; Jane has the "willow's curve and grace"; Cecilia, dear, is "dim of sight"; Sophia shows "wisdom on her face"; Constance is "fire and resolute"; Grace, delicious, "favor meet"; Charlotte, "noble, good repute"; Harriet, a fine "odor sweet"; Isabella is a "lady rare"; Lucinda, "constant as the day"; Marie means "a lady fair"; Abigail, "joyful as May"; Elizabeth, "an oath of trust"; Adella, "nice princess, proud"; Agatha is "truly good and just"; Letitia, "a joy avowed"; Jemina, "a soft sound in the air"; Caroline, "a sweet spirit hale"; Cornelia, "harmonious and fair"; Selina, "a sweet nightingale"; Lydia, "a refreshing well"; Judith, "a jewel none excel"; Priscilla, "ancient of days."—The Monitor.

To Judge the Width of a River.
It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of an ordinary stream, or even of a good-sized river, and here is the way to do it:
Select a part of the river bank where

the grounds run back level, and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now, move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water-line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and, if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat, you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand, if necessary, and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river—a distance that may readily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.—Detroit Free Press.

A Punctual Bird.
What tempts the little humming bird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the arctic circle, leaving behind him, as he does, for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming birds that pluckily leaves the land of gayly colored birds to go into voluntary exile in the north, east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird life, moving above the range of human sight through the vast dome of the sky, says Nellie Blanchard in Country Life in America. He covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages and arrives at his chosen destination at approximately the same date year after year.

Nothing Better Required.
One day my sister Floy was sent on an errand for some things for my mother.
There was a traveling man there who was selling carpet spankers, and he asked her:
"Has your mother got one of these spankers?"
"No, sir," she replied.
"What does she use?" he asked.
"Her hand," was the prompt reply.—The Little Chronicle.

ROOSEVELT'S ROSE.

Treasured Keepsake of a Bright-Eyed Little Girl.
Little Etadiorpha Knapp, a little lady of 5 years, living in Cincinnati, has a pretty little keepsake that she will treasure all her life. When President Roosevelt was in that city during the Fall Festival Little Miss Knapp was among the throng that surrounded the St. Nicholas steps, her bright eyes spread wide in eager anticipation. To her the event was more than an incident, it was an event of vast importance. To a young girl the president of the United States is much more than a mere Teddy Roosevelt; he is a wonderful being, not at all like other men, but of such materials as the heroes of history and fiction are made.
The crowd behind her pushed and crowded and got impatient during the long delay, but this little miss was too much pleased to note the passing of time. She just kept her eyes upon the door of the hotel, like a kitten watching its first mouse hole, so as to be sure not to miss the very first sight of the president.
At last the doors swung open and some gentlemen came out. Then little Miss Knapp's heart bounded in her throat, for there came the president. There could be no mistake about that. She had seen his picture so many times that she knew him at once.
At the president's buttonhole there nodded a splendid big American Beauty rose, and here comes the whole point of the story, for as the president swung down the stone steps with his free, vigorous strides to get in the waiting carriage that was to take him to Music Hall, that beautiful rose gave an extra hard nod, perhaps at the eager-eyed little girl who was watching it, and alas! nodded its pretty head off!
To jump forward and secure it was only the work of a moment for the nimble-footed young lady of 5, and then she shrank back, all at once trembling at her boldness. But she had the rose safe and sound!

Just as she sprang to the sheltering skirts of her aunt the president turned and saw what had happened and gave the little girl a smile that showed all his teeth. Then he clambered into the carriage and drove away.
Little Miss Etadiorpha has that rose yet, and she means to keep it all her life, and when she is a gray-headed grandma she will have a pretty little tale to tell about the faded rose leaves that lie pressed so neatly in the family album.

What a Baby Bee Knows.
When one thinks that any bee that walks out of its cradle, pale, perhaps, but perfect, knows at once all that is to be known of the life and duties of a bee, complicated as they are, and comprehending the knowledge of an architect, a wax modeler, a nurse, a lady's maid, a housekeeper, a tourist agency and a field marshal, and then compares that vast knowledge with that possessed by the human baby, who is looked upon as a genius if it gurgles "goo-goo" and tries to gouge its mother's eyes out with its fingers, one realizes that the boasted superiority of the human brain depends largely upon human vanity.—London World.

Insanity in Berlin.
There are 300 new cases of insanity in Berlin every year. A new asylum is under construction, and the Tageblatt says two more ought to be begun at once.

THE WORD THAT HOLDS.

I saw him peering through the bars, His eyes were small and red; His face was marred by many scars, And was a thing to dread. His lips were coarse, his nose was flat, His jaw was wide and square; His brow was low beneath a mat Of stiff and tangled hair.

I drew away from where he stood, Remembering shamefully The ancient ties of brotherhood. He still might claim with me, As if touched by a wizard's wand, With only hatred in my heart, I watched him where he swayed, And wished him evil for the part I knew he must have played.

A scream rang down the corridor, And then a woman hurled Herself before the grated door. That barred him from the world. As if touched by a wizard's wand, I ceased to see the knave, But saw a child clutch at her hand As if she still could save.

I heard him sobbing "mother"—then Hot tears fell where I stood— One word God gave to hold all men In the ties of brotherhood.

The Colonel's Stenographer.

FRANK DUDLEY hadn't been in the office two weeks when Col. Houghteling started for Europe. Houghteling & Dudley, attorneys at law, was the style of the firm, but as Frank was just out of law school, and as the Colonel already had an immense and important practice, everybody knew that the junior member didn't cut much of a figure so far as the business went. But Dudley could afford to wait. Rich in his own right, with yet greater expectations, 29 years old, a society pet, handsome and capable, he had little reason to expect to be measured by the strict exactions placed upon less fortunate beginners. Then Col. Houghteling was an old friend of the family, apt to be a partial critic and a willing mentor to his new partner.

"Well, I will be saying good-by," said



the Colonel, when he was ready to start, "there's nothing much to be done, you know. We need a stenographer; you can attend to that."

"What kind shall I get?" asked Frank.
"Oh, get a good one—twenty a week ought to get a first-class one."
"Man or woman?"
"Oh, get a girl, Frank. Get a good looking, one with sense and a bit of style—by the way, that reminds me, Mrs. Blaisdell, Judge Blaisdell's widow, said something about getting a place for her daughter. They're awfully poor, and you might look her up. Good family, you know, and all that. If the girl has half the talent of her mother she ought to do, and I guess she'll be all right on looks. That's all. Good-by, Frank. Don't worry. I'll be back in four weeks at the latest."

So Frank Dudley sat down alone and indited a little note to Mrs. Blaisdell, mentioning the firm's need of a stenographer and suggesting that Miss Blaisdell, if she cared for the place, might call about 10 in the forenoon.

Dudley was hardly prepared for the visitor, who sat in the reception room in the morning. She was tall, a young Juno in physique, radiant gray eyes, with long lashes that darkened them, light-brown hair that hung in unusual profusion about her shapely ears and shone in lustrous contrast with the black lace of her hat. Her manner was confidently modest and properly positive as she rose with a half smile, came toward him, and with a tiny engraved card in her extended hand said:

"Mr. Dudley?"
He bowed, glancing at the card and wondering at the singular beauty of her large, shapely hand, and answered:
"Yes, Miss Blaisdell. Will you step in here?"

He led her into his private office, raised the window, lowered the shade and sat down opposite her, his eyes fixed upon her extraordinary eyes. She looked at him with the frank expectancy of a well-bred young woman of business, but he was silent for quite a minute.

"I came about the place, Mr. Dudley," she began. "Mamma showed me your letter. It was very kind of you and Col. Houghteling to think of us."
"Can you write shorthand and—do you wish the position, Miss Blaisdell?" He asked the question as if he feared she might say "No," but when she said, "Oh, I want to so badly, Mr. Dudley," he could not suppress an answering smile of ingenuous satisfaction.
"We're dreadfully poor, you know," she went on, pulling her chair closer and sitting in an attitude naïvely confidential. "It will be lovely for me to be with friends—that is, the gentlemen who knew papa. It's my first position, and—and, you'll be patient with me at first, won't you, Mr. Dudley?"
And so they came to terms. She

might do much as she pleased till the Colonel came home, he said; he was a beginner himself, and his correspondence was very light—as yet. He even helped her make ready her desk, showed her the little closet where she might hang her hat, and then he tried to think of some unanswered letter or some business unattended, some excuse for "trying out" the new stenographer.

A letter to his father furnished the only chance he could think of, and he coughed two or three times, fidgeted with his collar and—actually blushed before he could summon nerve enough to say: "Will you take a letter, please, Miss Blaisdell?" He asked it as if he were asking a favor, and he felt that he was. It seemed a trifle presumptuous for him to thus command so beautiful a creature. She came over with her paper and pencil and looked into his eyes with almost feverish interest, watching his lips as he spoke the hesitating words, smiling delightedly at the little jokes and banterings with which he interspersed the letter to his father in Boston.

It wasn't a very long letter, but the noon bell was ringing before it was finished, and he bade her go to her lunch and "don't hurry back." As for him, he went to club, as usual, and at 3 o'clock, when he returned, Miss Blaisdell was sitting in her place, cooler, handsomer, more gracious than ever. The typewritten letter and addressed envelopes were on his desk. He picked them up with no intention of severe criticism, but he could not help admiring the perfect workmanship, the tasteful spacing, the accurate punctuation. She had even changed, and he thought improved, his style and manner of expression.

He looked up and smiled when he saw that she was watching him with anxious curiosity.
"Do you think I'll do?" she asked, with a blush that seemed to enhance the perfect beauty of her animated face.
"Do?" he answered with pleased surprise. "It's perfect. We're lucky to get you, Miss Blaisdell."

And so matters went while Col. Houghteling was abroad, though Frank transacted little business, and half of the letters he dictated were wholly unnecessary. Try as he might, he was always finished with his dictations in the forenoon, and in the afternoon his letters, always an improvement upon his own language, were ready on his desk. But the very first day after the Colonel's return the idyllic charm of Miss Blaisdell's presence was disturbed. He bolted to her desk and hurriedly dictated a letter. "Give me the typewritten copy at once!" he blurted, rushing out. When he was gone Frank stole a glance at the girl. There were tears in her noble eyes, her hand was trembling, and the quiver of a suppressed sob was about the matchless mouth.

"Don't mind him, Catherine—Miss Blaisdell," he said; "he doesn't mean to be rude; he's rushed, he's—"

"Oh, it isn't that," she said, coming over and whispering: "I ought to have told you, but I was so anxious to stay. I was afraid you'd discharge me, but, Mister Dudley, I—I'm very—I can't read my own shorthand! I—"

"How on earth did you do my letters, then, Miss Catherine? How—"

"I took them over to the shorthand school at noon, and—oh, I know it was deceitful, but I thought I'd learn fast enough to be ready for the Colonel, and—now he'll find me out."

Her hand, that large, white, appealing hand was on the arm of his chair, and he took it in his, a daring yet scared look in his eyes as he looked into hers, and said:

"Catherine, I—I've been intending to—to discharge you for the last week; in fact since the first day I saw you." She stood up and let him hold her hands, smiling now through her tears, as he whispered:
"I think I can 'square things' with the Colonel now, Kate."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Savage Lands.
Traveling in Portuguese Africa is thus described by a recent writer: "As soon as one gets into the interior there is an absence of roads and a great paucity of government military stations or trading posts. The country is slightly policed. The consequence is that the negro bearer who carries his rubber has a long, dangerous, difficult journey and is robbed of a portion of his stock from time to time; and when he returns to his village if his chief be informed that there is small-pox on the coast he is likely to be summarily shot by his own people. They have simple but very effective quarantine methods among the natives in Africa."

The dangers of travel in Tripoli are thus described by United States Consul-General Skinner of Marselles: "There is always more or less risk involved in traveling. Mr. Dodson was accompanied by two Zeptias, sent by the governor-general, his own assistant, a head Arab and five others. They narrowly escaped being ambushed by a wandering tribe. This danger is more remote at Cyrene, as the authority of the government is acknowledged along the coast. However, it is always well to be provided with good, light sporting rifles."

Home Cooking.
A number of ladies began to discuss the virtues of their respective husbands, when every other topic was worn threadbare.
"My husband," said one, "never drinks and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits."
"Does he ever smoke?" some one asked.
"Yes, he likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose on an average he doesn't smoke more than once a week."

Some of her friends laughed, but she didn't seem to understand.—The Bits.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



BETTER crawl to hell. To reject correction is to refuse wisdom.

Secret sins are the secret of nearly all sin.

Dialectic darts will never defeat the devil.

All methods fail without right motives.

Throwing old crusts to the poor is not casting bread on the waters.

The best evidence of Christianity is Christ made evident in the Christian.

He who is wise in his own conceits is apt to be foolish in his own concerns.

He who loves Him leans on Him and he who leans loves Him more and more.

It is no use asking God to warm your heart while you are living in the Arctic of sin.

The grace to do small things may be greater than the gift of doing great things.

The wise man will hide his knowledge where fools are laying out their ignorance.

Every groan on God's grindstone may mean a greater gladden in His polished stone.

The prospect of a big Sunday dinner has spoiled the preaching of many a good sermon.

Some men are kicking up a dust in the church to hide the dirt they make in the world.

If we are nothing but sponges depend upon it God will send us the pressure of pain to squeeze us.

God's heroes are known in heaven whether their pictures appear in the papers of earth or not.

COL. LORD DIED A RECLUSE.

Strange Career of Uncle of Benjamin Harrison's Widow.

Col. John H. Lord, for thirty years a recluse, died at Rio, a mountain settlement ten miles west of Port Jervis, recently, at the age of 85 years. He was born at Rome, N. Y., and became a protégé of the well-known civil engineer, John B. Jervis, after whom Port Jervis was named, and assisted him in the construction of the Croton aqueduct, New York City. Nearly fifty years ago Col. Lord's family was among the most prominent in northeastern politics, and he exercised a tremendous power in the policy of the Keystone State. He was a member of the Pennsylvania militia, and belonged to Gov. W. F. Packer's staff. At the time his brother, Russell F. Lord, was at the head of the management of the now abandoned Delaware and Hudson canal. Col. Lord was his lieutenant, and next to him in authority. He was an uncle by marriage of President Benjamin Harrison's first wife and a blood uncle of his widow.

Some eighty years ago a bank was established in Honesdale, Pa., and John Neal was its first cashier. He had a daughter who afterward became the wife of Col. Lord. Mrs. Neal's sister was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Scott, professor in Washington College, Washington, Pa., and they had two daughters, Carrie and Elizabeth. They visited their aunt, Mrs. John F. Lord, in Honesdale, and one of them, Lizzie, eventually married Russell F. Lord, who had become a widower and was several years her senior. The other sister was visited in Honesdale by President Harrison, then a young Indiana lawyer, and their acquaintance ripened into marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lord had a daughter, who is now the widow of President Harrison and niece of his first wife.

After the Civil War the Lords lost their prestige and the decedent became irregular in his habits and finally lost his wealth. For a number of years he worked at odd jobs at the late Winthrop W. Gilman's tannery in Sullivan County, and in lumber mills, and suddenly disappeared from his family and lived apart from his fellow man in an isolated cabin in the mountains west of Port Jervis. A few years ago the cabin was burned, says a New York Times special, and Col. Lord resided with residents of Rio. He is survived by one son, a wealthy retired merchant of Philadelphia, whose repeated offers of a home to his father were refused. Chance visitors to his cabin found it well supplied with books, and were surprised at his extensive knowledge.

None Open Now.

Wearly Wiggles — Lady, can't yer help a poor feller w'at de coal strike has knocked out of his livin'?

Mrs. Kindart—Here, take this quarter; and so you're a miner, eh?

Wearly Wiggles—No, ma'am. I make a specialty o' fallin' down open coal holes an' suin' fur damages.—Philadelphia Press.

Appropriate Expression.

"I'm at a loss for the proper word," wails the novelist.

"To express what?"

"To indicate the splendor of the helpless eyes—to express their richness."

"Why not say 'coal-black' eyes—the word 'coal' will express coarseness personified."—Baltimore Herald.

Not Good For Anything.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.

Dr. Gruffly—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift—Judge.

Sometimes the woman that's rattled gets in the best work.

